THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 169.

Aimez donc la raison: que toujours vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

I AM to open this letter with that very stanza, part of which Johnson has the most seriously and pertinaciously attacked. It is the strophe of the second ternary, and alludes to the murder of Edward II, the infamous character of his queen, Isabel of France, and the triumphs of Edward III, in France:

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
The shrieks of death through Berkely's roof that ring
(Shrieks of an agonizing king!)
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heav'n! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

I have already recited Johnson's censures of the *winding sheet*, and the mode of weaving it, as well as Wakefield's reply, which is the more illiberal of the two. In a note on the place, the latter gentleman reiterates his defence of the machinery. 'In my opinion, he could not have ennobled his poetry with a grander thought and more terrific scenery. But such wildness of imagination is not calculated to please inanimate phlegmatic souls. Such flights of poetry were not made for them.' Mr. Mason also supplies us with an additional eulogy, from which Johnson borrows *spectres*, a word I was somewhat at a loss to account for his making use of, in his critique: 'Can there be an image,' says Mr. Mason, still quoting his anonymous critic, 'more just, apposite, and nobly imagined than this tremendous tragical winding sheet! In the rest of this stanza, the wildness of thought, expression, and cadence are admirably adapted to the character and situation of the speaker, and of the bloody spectres, his assistants. It is not indeed peculiar to it alone, but a beauty that runs throughout the whole composition, that the historical events are sketched out by a few striking circumstances, in which the poet's office of rather exciting and directing, than satisfying the reader's imagination, is perfectly observed. Such abrupt hints, resembling the several fragments of a vast ruin, suffer not the mind to be raised to the utmost pitch by one image of horror, but that instantaneously a second, and a third, are presented to it, and the affection is still uniformly supported.' A third critic appears to have put in an

able plea for Gray's description of the *mode of weaving:* ' Dr. Johnson, in his spleen against our poet, descends to a mean witticism: " Gray," says he, " has made weavers of slaughtered bards. They are then called upon to *weave the warp, and weave the woof*, perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by *crossing the woof with the warp* that men weave the web or piece." We know not where Johnson acquired his knowledge of the weaving trade; but, if our information be correct, the critic had made a mistake; for, it is by the woof's being thrown across the warp that the manufacture is performed.'

For my own part, I cannot defend the *winding-sheet*. I was once willing to regard it as purely metaphorical; and, were it not for the verses in the third ternary, it might be so understood. As it is, on the main point, I agree with Johnson. Concerning the *warp* and *woof* I do not presume to determine. With respect to the line, *Give ample room, and verge enough*, I am not sure that I know why Johnson calls it a wretched correspondent of the first. It ends with a defective rhyme; and, perhaps, there is some technical inaccuracy. If neither of these were within Johnson's view, I do not understand him.

Of the antistrophe, where is introduced the death of Edward, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress, with allusions to the death of Edward, the black prince, and the splendor of Richard the Second's reign; of this antistrophe, Mr. Wakefield observes, ' This is beyond all controversy the finest stanza of the Ode. *Lyric* poetry never gave a grander specimen of her powers.—Such bitterness of insult is highly characteristic of rage and indignation, *Mighty victor! mighty lord!*—I know nothing comparable to it, except the Prophet's invective against the king of Babylon:'—

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone; he rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beams were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While, proudly rising o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning-prey.

On the verse, *Fair laughs the morn*, &c. Mr. Mason has the following interesting note: ' It is always entertaining, and sometimes useful, to be informed how a writer frequently improves on his original thoughts; on this account, I have occasionally set down the few variations Mr. Gray made in his lyrical compositions. The six lines before us convey, perhaps, the most beautiful piece of imagery in the whole Ode, and were a wonderful improvement on what he first wrote; which, though they would appear fine in an inferior poet, are infinitely below those who supplanted them. I find them in one of his corrected manuscripts, as follows:

Mirrors of Saxon truth and loyalty,
Your hapless old expiring master view!
They hear not: scarce religion dares supply
Her mutter'd requiems, and holy dew!
Yet thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shall send
A sigh, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end!'

Mr. Wakefield's notes on this stanza, are very elegant:

No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

' This,' says Mr. W. ' is elliptical: " Is there no pitying heart? will no eye afford?"—If this be not admitted, the poet is guilty of great impropriety, in applying *a tear*, *literally* to the *eye*, and *figuratively* to the *heart*, in the same sentence: which, however, by the comma at *eye*, seems to have been his intention.

" The swarm that in thy noontide beams were born."

' This image is inexpressibly beautiful; but not superior to that which it so

happily, and so unaffectedly introduces: —*Gone to salute the rising* MORN.'

"Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows."

'It is altogether the finest display of continued and connected imagery, of the most pleasing kind, that I am acquainted with.'

"Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey."

'This representation of the *whirlwind*, under the image of a beast of prey, lying in *ambush* in the *day-time*, expectant of the night, is not only perfectly just and natural, but incomparably sublime.'

After the criticisms I have cited, I scarcely know whether to expect any attention to my own; yet, I will not omit mentioning my dislike to *funeral couch*, as intended to signify a death-bed: for though the verse, *A tear to grace his obsequies*, might induce a belief that Gray spoke of the king as dead, it is clear that he rather supposes him 'in his last moments.' The verse, *Gone* to salute the rising *Morn*, is unfortunate in having an initial and final word which rhyme with each other. These censures I cannot withhold from a stanza which, in all other respects, appears to me, as to Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Mason, one of the finest flights of poetry. The variety is enchanting. The image of morning, *Fair laughs the Morn*, introduced by,—*Gone to salute the rising Morn*, is inexpressibly beautiful. The description of Cleopatra's vessel, which seems to have fastened itself upon the mind of every poet, doubtlessly suggested that which immediately follows. Here, nothing can be more happy than the places assigned to Youth and Pleasure. Eager Youth is on the prow, impatient to advance; Pleasure is at the helm, either to steer the bark, or recline beneath an awning, inhaling the zephyr, and careless of the progress. But, there is no end to the imagery, nor to the variety. No sooner have we resigned ourselves to these pictures of luxury and delight, than we are threatened with the Whirlwind; and the Whirlwind, like Fuseli's Water-spout, is animated, and represented as a beast,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning-prey!

Nor, does the poet here cease to make our passions the sport of his lyre. The whirlwind is dismissed, and—

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown he yet may share the feast!

The reign of Pleasure is restored;—but—

Close by the regal chair,
Fell Thirst, and Famine, scowl
A baleful smile upon their *baffled* guest!

This is an allusion to the death of Richard the Second, who, according to the better authorities, was starved to death. I regret that this explanation has a tendency to take away from the rapidity with which the poet hurries us to other scenes:

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way:
Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head!—
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar, in infant gore,
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom!

'This part of the Ode,' observes Mr. Wakefield, 'is crowded with events, and hurries the reader along, with a rapidity too violent to be resisted.' We are, indeed, carried through that eventful period of English history, which begins with the death of Richard the Second, and ends with the reign of Richard the Third. Dr. Johnson censures the term *fed*, as applied to tower; but we speak of *feeding the grave*, the *hungry grave*, &c. and it does not strike me that, *to make the imagery perfect*, the features of *hunger* and *thirst should have*

been discriminated. As to Mr. Wakefield, he is delighted with it as it stands: 'What can exceed the terrible sublimity of this picture? and what is at all worthy to be put in competition with it, except that of Milton, which our author seems to have had in view?

He ceas'd, for both seem'd inly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

'In Newton's edition, the reader may see that Homer, Statius, Cowley, Ariosto and Tasso, have a similar beauty, not equal to this of Milton, who yet, in my opinion, is less animated than Mr. Gray.'

Ye Towers of Julius—

'This personification,' continues the same critic, 'is very sublime, and is seasonably introduced in that narrative part of the composition, which stood in need of elevation and variety. And the length of the verses gives an additional dignity to the idea; which propriety is, indeed, preserved with surprising dexterity, in every instance, through the whole of these two Odes. 'Kindred squadrons'—*Cognatasque acies*--LUCAN. —An epithet, which presents at once, a train of melancholy ideas to the mind.'

Mr. Mason gives us a view of this stanza, in connection with the whole of the remaining part of the Ode. 'This stanza (as an ingenious friend remarks) has exceeding merit. It breathes, in a lesser compass, what the Ode breathes at large, the high spirit of enthusiasm. The transitions are sudden and impetuous; the language, full of force; and the imagery carried, without impropriety, to the most daring height. The manner of Richard's death, by famine, exhibits such beauties of personification as only the richest and most vivid imagination could supply. From hence we are hurried, with the wildest rapidity, into the midst of battle; and the epithet, *kindred*, places at once before our eyes, all the peculiar horrors of civil war. Immediately, by a transition most striking and unexpected, the poet falls into a tender and pathetic address; which, from the sentiments, and also from the numbers, has all the melancholy flow, and breathes all the plantive softness, of elegy. Again the scene changes; again the Bard rises into an allegorical description of carnage, to which the metre is admirably adapted; and the concluding sentence of personal punishment on Edward is denounced with a solemnity that chills and terrifies.' STATERUS.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 9.

Every dog has his Day.

—The inference is plain enough.—Every dog has his Day—and, among others, I have mine.

God forbid that it should grieve me, that no more falls to my share than to that of others! I am content with this law of his providence, be it interpreted how it may. To have my Day, take it in what sense you please, is all I look for. Yes! I have had my Day, and, if I live, I believe I shall have it again. When I courted my dear Winifred (for my reader knows that I am a Welchman), I had my Day! The Day for which I am now indebted to my worthy friend, Mr. Oldschool, is Saturday. This is the Day on which he contrives to put my scrawls and scraps into print, to the amazement of this town, and the rapture of my eyes. But, the Day that delighted me before was another. I could then say, in the words of my favourite old song,

Of all the Days are in the week,
I dearly love but one Day;
And that's the Day that comes between
A Satur-Day and Mon-Day!

Well, I married Winifred; and, then, Heaven knows, and Heaven be thanked, I had my Day! I left Winifred;—but we shall meet again, and we shall have our Day! Our boy too, he shall have his Day!

——non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retrò est, efficiet; neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

And, how stands it with the rest of the world? Why, truly,—and we might derive much benefit from the reflection,—we all have our Day.—And what benefit?—Why, we should learn to take our Day, and be content with it; to take our Day, and make the most of it.

In reality, it is of great importance that we form our philosophy upon this truth. There are those who teach, and their doc-

trine is thought to be wholesome, that nothing but that which is lasting is good:

A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.

I am of a very different opinion; and I believe that teachers of this description, however unimpeachable their motives, however warm their piety, and however genuine their benevolence, misrepresent the design of the creator, and are cruel enemies of his creatures. To limit our expectations, and to moderate our desires, is the discipline of wisdom; and it behoves us, therefore, in the most serious manner, to make a true estimate of what it is permitted us to enjoy. And what is permitted us?—To have our Day. From time to time, to partake of short-lived pleasures. Ease, comparative ease, pleasures and pains, are the blanks and prizes in the great lottery, in which every living thing has tickets. To expect to draw the great prize, to be set above the reach of difficulty and mischance; to murmur at our disappointment, to 'curse God, and die;' all this is the folly of the many; and, considering what a feeble set of animals we are, it is a folly that deserves a rebuke that is mixed up with three-fourths of compassion; but, compassion almost leaves my breast, when solemn fools, affecting to be wise, fix, in set speeches, and great books, the science of this folly. Happier and wiser he, who in retrospect remembers, and in prospect anticipates, those little prizes that fall to every one's portion, that have fallen to his own, and that he may fairly reckon upon again! Happier and wiser he, who enters the smallest and least durable of his joys on his Day-book, and places them on the credit-side of his account with Him with whom he deals, sums up the least fractions, and strikes a fair and equitable balance! Such a man is grateful; and he is grateful because he is wise. The fool, calculating only upon his perpetuity of bliss, tells you, that he has received nothing. He is ungrateful; but he is ungrateful because he is a fool. You need not wish him punished; he is unhappy.

At the foot of the castle of San Elmo, and on the mountain which commands the whole city of Naples, is the magnificent chartreuse of San Martino, enjoying one of the most delightful situations that the earth has to afford. It is in possession of almost greater wealth than any other religious house. The church, which may be considered as one superb gallery of the most exquisite paintings, is adorned with all that the imagination can conceive; precious stones, stuccoes, gilding, and the rarest marbles, are distributed over it, in profusion, and at the same time with a refined taste. The cloister is adorned with Doric columns of marble, and innumerable statues. Surrounded by an enchanting country, breathing the mildest and purest air, gazing on so much of all that is beautiful and luxurous in nature and art, and receiving, in this holy and sumptuous residence, all the attentions of the warmest hospitality, a wish enters the mind, that it were permitted us to stay there for ever, and we leave it almost with pain. A stranger, transported with the charms of this habitation, repeatedly exclaimed, 'What a delicious abode!' *Transeuntibus*, mournfully answered the monk who was his guide.—The monk's philosophy did not allow him to be satisfied with his Day!

Transeuntibus!—and this is the language of piety! Yes, it is the language of piety; but, in what other manner could pride or ingratitude express itself? Man, transitory man, despises all that Providence can give, because its gifts are transitory! He despises what is little and short-lived; and, in the next breath, declares himself a creature that

——wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long!

But, our systems, like our music, are formed of discords! We combine them, and please our ear; and this were all well enough, provided we had less to say of the ear of our neighbour.

Moralists have talked much of content. In many particulars, they appear, on this subject, to set up a doctrine inconsistent with the nature of man, whom, on many occasions, we might suppose them to regard as made only to 'lie i'th' sun.' The content they teach is reduced to practice by numerous classes of beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, or at least by the vegetable race; and for these only was intended: but, there is a content of the mind, there is a calm acquiescence, there is a placid satisfaction in our general destiny, very far from incompatible with that restless exertion of our powers which is so essential a part of our composition. Let it be observed, that I say general destiny; for I am too little disposed to coincide with those who would turn us into stocks and stones, and cut, and shape, and fit us to their notions, not to make allowance for the particular misfortunes of others, or of ourselves. But, this content with our general destiny, let it be our care, as it is our best philosophy, to learn and to cultivate. Under its benignant impression we shall release our minds from all general principles of misery; the world will appear to us as it is; sophistry will no longer spread a general gloom over the landscape; we shall recognize the hills and the valleys, the meadows and the deserts, the arid plains and the pleasant waters, the clouds and the blue skies. Our spirits, shaking off the weight of continual gloom, will recover their natural elasticity and strength. Light burdens will no longer seem heavy; heavy, will no longer overwhelm; the heaviest, we are not so often called upon to bear. Nourished in this habitual cheerfulness, though our tears may

often flow, though our head may often ache, and our heart be often wrung, we shall be ashamed to say, with the ascetic,

——human life
Is but a vale of woe.

That it abounds with woe is certain; but it abounds also with happiness; and, if we are to indulge in indiscriminate language, we may as well call it, a valley of delight. The whole is this, that we should keep ourselves free from the miseries of opinion, from those melancholy ideas which leave no room for pleasure, be its visits seldom or frequent. Let us bewail the evils that come upon us, or that we see; but do not let us adopt, from the lips of some sick, or peevish, or even unfortunate man, such a habit of thinking as converts our intellect into a false medium, faithful only to the dull colours of sorrow and despair, and incapable of transmitting the gay and vivid ones of bliss. Let us enslave ourselves to no scheme of affliction. Let us enjoy what is to be enjoyed; so shall we best suffer what is to be suffered, coming to the trial with our nerves unexhausted. What I here allude to more particularly, are the enjoyments and the sufferings of the mind. Things affect us much; but our views of things affect us also. Above all, as it is more peculiarly my present object to inculcate, let us, in defiance of what has been so often gravely taught us, let us content ourselves with the little, the short-lived pleasures; let us allow them their just value; let us believe that they were made for us, and we for them. Let us, abandoning that haughtiness, which, by lifting us above our condition, sets us out of the reach of our gratifications, seek, in simplicity, our proper good; taste with thankfulness what we find; and not dash the cup of mead to the ground, fancying nothing worthy of us but nectar and ambrosia. Let us cease to wander through this beautiful creation, crying, *a desert! a desert! famine! monsters! pestilence! ruins!* and imagining that this is to honour the Creator and instruct his creatures! Let us be truly content. Let us be content to be blest, if not for an age, for an hour, for a Day; and with this temper, we shall have our Day. Far otherwise the misguided wretch, who turns dissatisfied from the feast, offended by this dish or the other, or waiting for a better course. Beautifully has the poet expressed the art of happiness!—

She eyes the pure crystalline well,
And tastes it *as it goes*.

This is true wisdom; this is the economy of life. This makes the man who, as it respects himself, fulfils the design of his creation:

Not where he will, but where he can,
A *daily* bliss he celebrates.

Happiness is the aim, but rarely, if ever, the attainment of humanity. It is in the pursuing the object, however, that we make our approaches; and the pleasures are on the road. Pleasures, transient pleasures, to mingle in a draught full of bitters, these are what are offered to our hands; and he that will not receive them misuses his powers and his privileges. We must laugh, says La-Bruyere, before we are happy; lest we should die before we have laughed.

But, I hate those topics in morals, and in philosophy, on which we declaim with facility, because their truth is self-evident, and idly, because they have little connection with practice. The present is not of that description. This argument is against the melancholy and the austere. Austerity is a system; a narrow system. I may beneficially oppose to it another and a better system. Melancholy is a temper; but men's tempers alter with their opinions. A sentence, a sentiment, or a word, will sometimes overturn a whole fabric of philosophy. Error falls, as a scale, from the eye. The man becomes a new creature; the world, a new world. Error, did I say? Error, or truth; for error and truth insinuate themselves with equal ease, and are received with equal rapture. He that sees differently believes that he sees better. Enough of this. It is not necessarily in vain that I endeavour to alter a melancholy temper; it is a superstructure; and, if the base be removed, it falls. The melancholy man tells me, that he is as willing as any one to be happy; that I lose my time in persuading him to enjoy the pleasures of life; that he is ready for all that are to be found; that he looks about him to no purpose. It is my business to open his eyes, to correct his judgment, or to enlarge his information. Balsams grow upon every bank and mountain; but you know neither the leaf nor the flower. You think the precious gum distils only from trees taller than the cedar; it is mine to point it out among the humblest of the shrubs.

Is it hopeless, then, to call upon the victims of opinion to be happy? I call upon them, as well with respect to the past as the future. I bid them examine anew their tablets, and give the pleasures their natural importance. I bid them to be grateful for what is gone, to hope for what is to come. Opinion is much. The happiness of life largely depends upon our opinion of it. The opinion here in question refers to the estimate we are to make of transitory pleasures, of the blessings of a Day,—of blessings that are seldom long denied us;—for, *Every dog has his Day*.

These blessings are seldom long denied us; and this leads me to a reflection well adapted for the conclusion of my paper. It respects the security we derive, as moralists have always told us, from the humility of our calculations. He that is for nothing short of perpetuity of bliss, cuts himself off, at once,

from every thing that this world can offer; he that resolves on accepting only the more lasting enjoyments, may pass his life in waiting their arrival; but he that is content with 'a daily bliss,' who takes pleasure where and when he can, who does not refuse this because it is trifling, and that because it is transient, finds his modesty and his moderation continually rewarded. He has built his house on a rock, and he is safe. He has chosen to walk along with Nature, and he never finds her thwart his path. The accidents of life can scarcely bring him injury. He is below the storm. His happiness is not at its mercy. It threatens him in vain:

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, *the dog will have his Day.*

MISCELLANY.

[We select the following from a small volume lately published in England, entituled 'Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope, by Robert Semple.'—Among a variety of interesting matter we have the following Chapter, which seems a faithful picture, touched by the hand of no mean artist.]

THE SLAVES.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery,
—Still thou art a bitter draught.

STERNE.

In presenting even a slight sketch of the Cape, it would be very defective if the slaves occupied no part of it; their numbers, their varieties, their dress, and the manner in which they are in general treated, are subjects not to be passed over in silence; and in some points of view they present, as we shall quickly see, an object which can hardly fail to touch and to interest.

Domestic slavery has at all times and in all nations been productive of much evil. A pampered slave is insufferably insolent; an oppressed one is constantly trembling and cringing, and by the daily sight of either, the heart of youth is necessarily hardened and depraved. The children of the family mingle with the young slaves. They play with them one moment, and the next they see them beaten and in tears, but through habit the child thinks nothing of it, and waits with great coolness till his companion has done weeping, to renew his play. Hence too often arises in early youth hardness of heart, a feeling for self alone, and a checking of all the best emotions of human nature. Alas! the best of men, as they advance in life, and behold every day ingratitude, greediness of riches, and selfishness, are but too apt to contract their hearts. What must it be, when the child is reared in insensibility, and is permitted to make of his fellows at once the companions of his sports and the objects of his tyranny and caprice?

But these reflections belong more properly to our view of the inhabitants and their manners. Let us confine ourselves at present to the slave alone. No situation can be more adapted for collecting those of every nation than the Cape of Good Hope. It lies in the very bosom of slavery. On either side of it are extended the coast of Africa, in every age the mother of an unfortunate race, and, all to the eastward, here and there clusters of islands furnish an endless variety. At the Cape they are collected into one. There they are no longer merely Malays, or Malabars, or natives of the coast of Mozambique; they are slaves. Let us first take a rapid view of them as such.

In general the slaves of the Cape are not ill treated, are well clothed, and well fed. If now and then an instance be found to the contrary, that affects not the general character. A man may use his slave ill; but the slaves at the Cape are well treated; or he may lodge him badly, but the slaves of the Cape are well lodged; or he may half clothe or half feed him, but the slaves of the Cape are well clothed and fully fed.

In our view of the inhabitants, it may be seen that the slave lodges in general under the same roof as his master. He is fed with what comes from his table, mingling with it, however, a greater proportion of rice. His clothing generally consists of a short blue cloth jacket, a light waistcoat, and loose blue trowsers. On his head he wears either a coarse hat, or a handkerchief tied round it like a turban, but he is in general without either shoes or stockings; the collar of his shirt is open, and a blue or red handkerchief is tied loosely round his neck. Sometimes, however, you meet a slave beau: his ears are ornamented with rings, a red shawl is wrapped round his neck, a plume of common ostrich feathers wave in his hat, he treads lightly along, nodding his feathers, and looking proudly round him. He is lifted above the ground, and has totally forgot that he is a slave.

In their marriages, they use few or no ceremonies, if, indeed, the manner in which the male and female slaves associate, deserves the name of marriage. No long services engage affection; no priest bestows his benediction on the nuptual bed: no parent gives away his daughter, and assembles his friends on the happy day; slavery lights the marriage torch; slavery leads them alone and unattended to the marriage bed. The husband visits his wife as he can find opportunities, and leaves her when he pleases to take another, without ceremony and without reproach. And what else can be expected, when he knows that he himself is the property of one man, his wife perhaps of another, and his children liable to be given to a third or fourth?

It is slavery—it is slavery in all its stages and all its shapes, which depraves the mind, and debases human nature.

On the birth of a child, however, maternal affection springs up in the heart of the female slave. She forgets for a time her other cares, and begins to experience the solicitudes and the joys of a mother. The child is dressed out, and its head covered with a cap which sits close, and in shape exactly resembles that which we see represented in many of the ancient Egyptian statues. The master looks upon the infant as a new accession of property, and even if he be at other times severe, now relaxes his authority; hence great rejoicings, feasts, and dancing among the slaves, and a night spent in merriment. By degrees, however, all this is forgotten, the feastings are over, and the mother returns to her former occupations. It is in these dances that the slaves show themselves off to best advantage. The women display much taste and even elegance in their dress, nor are their dances wild, irregular, or unaccompanied with proper music. They are faithful imitators of what they see daily performed among the white inhabitants, and display an easiness of motion and a justness of ear which never fail to surprise and please an European, unapprised of this circumstance.

Having thus taken a view of the slave under the authority of his master, let us attend him to that hour when he escapes the chain, when he lays him quietly down, and hears no longer the voice of his oppressor. Even the slave must not be committed to his native dust without a tear; and perhaps were we to find that he too had a wife, and a brother, and a friend, and behold them weeping over his grave, we might not be ashamed to sit down with them, and pay our tribute likewise to his memory.

As soon as the breath has left the body of the sick man, the women who surround the bed burst out into tears and lamentations, and communicate the infection of sorrow to the men. The corpse is dressed out not without much weeping, and a day is allowed for the assembling of his friends, to mourn over his remains. The Malay expresses his grief by sitting beside his dead friend in profound silence and with downcast and pensive look; but the natives of Malabar and Mozambique break into sudden and violent floods of sorrow, which they often seem to begin and end in concert. On the day of interment, the friends again assemble and follow the bier to the place appointed; here the body is committed to the earth with more or less ceremony, according to the religion or piety of the tribe: all express sorrow, but generally this sorrow is not of long duration. The Malays alone extend their care, and seem to cherish their grief. On the third, seventh, tenth, fortieth, and hundredth day, they again assemble round the grave, pour sweet-scented waters upon it, and strew over it the choicest flowers. They bid the earth lie lightly on the breast of their former companion, and for the last time mingle their tears together over him. Having thus performed the last duties of friendship and affection, they return and feast together, well assured that their friend is happy.

How many tears doth this pleasing hope wipe away, and how does it lighten the burden of the afflicted? Who can sufficiently admire the extensiveness of its influence? Ancient and modern nations; those inhabiting hot, and such as live in cold climates; nations warlike and nations effeminate, civilized and ignorant, separated by rivers, by continents, by seas, yet join in the fond hope that all perishes not in the dust, but that the hand of friend shall again be joined to that of friend, and the father meet his departed daughter in another and a better world.

Having thus given a general sketch of the Cape slaves, I proceed to relate in what manner these ideas were suggested to me, and to add some further particulars.

In one of our morning walks about the town, observing a considerable crowd before the door of a house, my friend and I went up and inquired what was going forward, and were informed that it was a public sale of all the effects of a colonist deceased. Scarcely had we joined the crowd, when the auctioneer mounted upon a chair, and struck for some time upon a round plate of brass, as a signal that the auction was going to begin. Immediately all was attention. Numbers of articles were put up and disposed of; till, growing tired of the scene, we were going away; a short pause, however, and then a murmur in the assembly, announced that something else than trifles was going to be produced. We accordingly waited a moment, and soon saw a black man coming forward through the crowd; "Ah!" said Charles, "they are going to dispose of the family slaves, let us stop a little longer."

The first that was put up was a stout native of the Mozambique coast. His look was sad and melancholy, his hands hanging down clasped together as if they were bound, and his eyes fixed upon the earth. When he heard that his lot was determined, and that he was sold for 600 rix-dollars, he raised his eyes up heavily to look for his new master, and followed him out of the crowd without speaking a word; but we thought that his cheek was wet with tears, and perhaps we were right; for the purchaser told us, with some expressions of compassion, that he had been a great favourite of his deceased friend. Many more were put up, the household of the deceased having been very numerous, but on the countenances of all of them sorrow and the humiliation of slavery were the predominating features. At length an object

was presented which almost made us weep: a mother was brought forward with a little girl of three years old clinging to her, which they wished to tear from her, whilst she, dreading the threats of her owners, feebly told her child to leave her, at the same time that she folded her arms round it. "Put them up together, put them up together," said every voice; it was consented to, and the woman kissing her child and leading it by the hand, advanced to the spot appointed. Whilst tney were bidding for her, she looked anxiously round in every countenance, as if imploring compassion. Her price was bade up to seven hundred dollars, which the auctioneer repeated a long time without any body seeming willing to say more.—"The man who has bought her and the child," said one who stood next to us, "has the reputation of being very cruel to his slaves." "Has he?" said Charles, whilst the blood rushed into his face, "but he has not got them yet." Seven hundred and ten, cried he, with a voice trembling with eagerness. Every body turned their eyes upon us, and the mother and the little child looked full in Charles's face. Seven hundred and twenty, said the man, starting up; thirty, cried Charles; fifty, said the other; eight hundred, bade Charles; the man bit his lips; a long pause ensued; eight hundred and one, said a mild looking old man, whose humanity I was well acquainted with; Charles drew back, and the poor slave was allotted to a mild master.

When we had got into the street, I could not help remarking how lightly Charles walked along, and how his eyes glistened with the pleasing reflection of having done a good action. Every now and then also he exclaimed to himself, "poor child! poor child! I have saved you some stripes however," and then he would walk on so fast that I could scarcely keep up with him. After he had given some vent to his feelings, he began to converse about the slaves, and expressed his astonishment at the great variety amongst them: "Come, my friend," said he, "put on your philosopher's countenance; as we are two Peripatetics, explain to me these different varieties in your best manner, not in a cold style, but as if you were addressing a numerous audience." "Agreed," said I, "Charles, for I know that when you represent the audience, I shall find it a very partial and forgiving one.

"Behold that slave coming towards us bending beneath the weight of two cords of wood suspended to the ends of a bamboo which he balances across his shoulder. His black complexion, his curly hair, his thick lips, and his tattood forehead, announce him from the coast of Mozambique, his strong make shows him capable of fatigue, and in his inoffensive and humbled countenance, you may read that he has often submitted to blows and unmerited reproaches without for a moment thinking of revenge; he performs, the task which is set him without objections and without inquiry. You see him now walking slowly along, oppressed with his load, and perhaps you pity his fate; follow him to the next corner, there sits one of his companions playing on a jew's-harp. He stops—he listens—pleasure steals into his soul—he throws off his load—he beats the ground with his heels—raises his hands clasped above his head—gives himself up to the wildest and most inconsiderate joy, and, occupied only with the present, thinks neither of the hours of bitterness which are past, nor of those which are yet to come.

"Observe the one who comes next. Even at a distance his upright form, his nervous make, his free step, announce the Malay, or native of the Island of Java, the king of slaves. As he approaches, mark his long coal-black hair, which hangs half down his back, his yellow complexion, his glancing and jealous eye, which looks askance upon slavery. He knows well that from his class are formed the house-painters, the musicians, the ingenious workmen of the Cape. He is proud of this distinction, and glories in the name of Malay. He exacts some deference from his master, his gestures, his speech, sometimes slow and sedate, at others rapid and violent, seem to say, 'I know that I am your slave, but be cautious how you use your power.' A reproach stings and irritates him, a blow wounds his proud heart, he hoards it up in his remembrance, and broods upon his revenge. Time passes on, the master forgets that he has given the blow, but the Malay never. At length the bad part of his character is cruelly displayed: he intoxicates himself with opium, and in the madness of revenge, he rushes upon his unguarded master with his kris, or crooked Malay dagger, and stabs him once, twice, ten times. The unfortunate wife and children are not safe if they cross his way, he sallies out into the street, and running madly along, sacrafices all that he meets, till overpowered by numbers he is brought to suffer the punishment of his crime.

"Follow him to the place of execution. Some days are past, and the intoxication of opium is over, but do you observe his countenance in the least changed by fear or remorse? Not at all. He is bound to the wheel—the executioner breaks all his limbs one after another—but not a tear, not a groan escapes him—at length nature is exhausted—perhaps he breathes the name of Mahomet his Prophet, and expires with the consolation of having had his revenge.

"What a contrast is presented to this character, in the slave whom you see there following his master. His features of the European cast, his slender, but well formed shape, his mild and inoffensive looks, and his black hair curled but not woolly, announce

the harmless native of the Malabar coast. He is in all respects the best of the household slaves. Without the inactivity or dullness of the Mozambiquer, or the penetrative genius of the Malay, he forms an excellent medium between the two—More intelligent, more industrious, and more active than the former; more docile and more affectionate than the latter, he unites steadiness with vivacity, and capability of instruction to winning manners. Expect not from him violent opposition—While the native of Mozambique often grows obstinate, and hardens under the lash; whilst the Malay frowns and prepares to sharpen his dagger, the Malabar bends to the blow, and endeavours to avert it by tears and entreaties. Never is he brought to justice for crimes of a heinous nature; never are his feeble hands stained with blood; but if, through a false accusation, or a disposition too liable to be made the tool of knavery, one of this class is brought to suffer death, he shudders, and turns away his head at the sight of the place of execution; he shrieks aloud whilst the blow is yet suspended and before it falls, and with tears and groans he implores compassion till his life and sufferings are at an end.

"But come, let us leave scenes of blood, the place of execution, and its wheels and engines: behold yon light waggon advancing so rapidly upon us, drawn by fourteen or sixteen oxen, and led by a Hottentot who runs before them; see with what dexterity the master, sitting in the front of the waggon and cracking his long whip, directs the whole. The Hottentot, as you would observe, has on him nothing of what in England would be called clothes; an undressed sheep-skin buckles round his neck, and hangs down behind him like a cloak; at every motion of his body it flies back and exposes his tawny skin, his meagre make, and his small and active limbs; before him hangs a small pouch fastened round his loins with a leathern thong. With not a single other article of dress, without hat, without shoes, he leads his oxen through sun and wind and rain, over stones and hot sandy roads. Sometimes he puts on a pair of undressed leathern sandals, which are fastened round the ankles; and sometimes an old tattered hat protects his head from the rain or sun; but neither of these is universally worn; and in general, the one which has passed us may serve as a specimen of all the rest. It is true, he has not the name of slave, but his condition is not on that account in the least more desirable; by the laws of the colony he is only bound to serve five-and-twenty years, after which he becomes free. In other words, his master enjoys twenty-five years of his services for the prime of his life, and may then cast him off to seek his bread elsewhere.

"These may be reckoned the four principal stocks of the slaves of the Cape. The Malay, the native of the Mozambique and Malabar coasts, and the colonial-born slave. It must not be imagined, however, that these different races are anxious to preserve themselves unmixed. In this place, they are quickly mingled together, and many a slave can boast of an European father. Hence results the most complete variety of features and shades of colour, that is perhaps to be met with in any part of the globe. Yellow, jet black, white and copper-coloured are kneaded together into a mass. Every face that passes us is of a different colour from the one that went before it, and the eye is continually amused by a strange and unceasing variety.

"The different females preserve likewise in their domestic occupations something of the character of their nation. The female Malay takes care of the house, gives an account of every article, arranges the linen and clothes in the presses, is intrusted with several of the keys; and, having finished her work, she coils up her long black hair on the crown of her head, where she fastens it with a silver bodkin, and then sits down to knit at the feet of her mistress.

"The Malabar female, mild and gentle, is like her husband employed in every kind of the lighter domestic occupations. No blows are required to induce her exertions; a threat terrifies her. She redoubles her activity, is anxious to show herself attentive to the interests of the family, cleans and arranges the furniture; and in the evening, having kissed her children and put them to sleep, she brings her knitting needles and seats herself by the side of her companions.

"The female of Mozambique, generally stronger than her fellows, yet at the same time sufficiently active and intelligent, is sometimes employed in works of drudgery, and sometimes in those of a lighter kind. According to the will of her owners, sometimes you may see her carrying on her head a large bundle of linen to wash in the brook which runs from Table Hill. Sometimes nursing the children of the family, and advanced to honour; but in either occupation, she is always found, like the male, patient, performing what is set to her, and no more; pleased with praise, but not over anxious to obtain it, and going through her task more through the wish of seeing the end of it, than the desire of performing it well.

"The female Hottentot contents herself with the lowest class, and is indeed seldom employed by the families at the Cape, being chiefly and indeed almost only to be found in the farm houses and at some little distance from the Cape. The Hottentot character, both male and female, is said to be the least engaging of the whole. They neither make themselves so useful as the Malay, nor do

they possess the affectionate disposition of the natives of Malabar or Mozambique. They labour only through absolute necessity, and would quickly sink into profound indolence if not perpetually incited to action. After remaining many years with a family, and being kindly treated, they will leave it with great indifference; and indeed, Charles, to say the truth, I have seen so many instances of cold ingratitude, among those of this nation, that it cannot be denied the charge is not altogether without foundation: yet, at the same time, having seen many instances to the contrary, let us reserve their character for a particular discussion."

Here I paused to take breath, and Charles, who had listened to me with great attention, waited for some little time, and then asked me, if I had any thing more to say? for that if I had not, it was almost two o'clock. "I understand you," said I, smiling, "your walk has done you good. Come then, let us return and eat together." We accordingly turned round in the Company's garden, where we were then walking, and conversed on indifferent subjects till we reached the house.

For the Port Folio.

[For the following highly interesting article, which contains whole volumes of truth, respecting the French revolution, we are indebted to a new work we have just received from London, Memoirs of the life of Marmontel, written by himself. We regret that we have not access to the original, as the translation is full of blemishes and blunders. But, in spite of all defects of style, the fund of anecdote and faithful narrative to be found in this work, will richly reward the pains of the reader.]

We had in the French academy one of the most violent partisans of the republican faction: it was Chamfort, a man of most delicate, subtle, and enchanting wit, when he gaily indulged it on the vices and follies of society; but sourly and sharply malevolent against the superiorities of rank and fortune that wounded his jealous pride. Of all the envious men that are scattered in society, Chamfort was he who least pardoned the rich and the great for the opulence of their houses, and the delicacies of their tables, but of which he himself delighted to partake. In their presence, and in his private intercourse with them, he humoured, flattered, and studied to please them; it seemed even that he loved and esteemed some of them whose praises he pompously told; yet if he had the complaisance to be their guest, or their inmate, it was well understood that he was to obtain, by their interest, some literary compensation from the court, and the pensions he enjoyed to the amount of some hundred pounds did not acquit them of this obligation: what he received was too little for him. "Those people there," said he to Florian, "ought to get me eight hundred a-year; I do not deserve less." At this price, there were some of the great whom he would honor with his preference, and except from his satires. But as for the cast in general, he lashed it without pity; and when he thought he saw these fortunes and this grandeur on the point of being overthrown, and neither any longer capable of serving him, he divorced from them wholly, and ranged himself on the side of the people.

In our societies, we sometimes amused ourselves with the sallies of his humour; and, without liking him, I treated him with caution and politeness, because I did not wish to make him my enemy.

One day then, when we were left alone at the Louvre after the sitting of the academy: "Well," said he, "so you are not a deputy?"—"No," answered I, "and I console myself as the fox did when he could not reach the grapes: *they are too sour.*"—"Indeed," replied he, I do not think them ripe enough for you. Your soul is of a temper too mild and too flexible for the trial to which it would be submitted. It is good that you should be reserved for another legislature. Excellent to improve, you are worth nothing to destroy."

As I knew that Chamfort was the friend and confident of Mirabeau, one of the chiefs of the faction, I imagined myself at the source of the information I wished to obtain; and to engage him to explain himself, I feigned not to understand him. "You alarm me," said I, "by talking of destroying; I thought the only wish was to repair."

—"Yes," he replied, "but repairs only produce ruins; in attacking an old

wall, it is impossible to say that it will not tumble under the hammer; and I must frankly own, the edifice is here so dilapidated that I should not be astonished if it should prove necessary to pull it down to the ground."—"Down to the ground!" exclaimed I,—"Why not," rejoined Chamfort, "and erect it on a less gothic and more regular plan? Would it, for instance, be so great an evil that it should not have so many stories, and that all should be on one floor? Would it grieve you to hear no more of your eminence, your grace, your lordship, nor of titles, nor heraldry, nor nobility, nor feudal tenure, nor of the high and low clergy?"—I observed, "that equality had always been the chimera of republics, and the lure that ambition offered to vanity. But this level is above all impossible in a vast monarchy; and that to wish to abolish all is going much farther than the nation intends, and much farther than it asks."

—"As for that," replied he, "does the nation know what it wishes? Its wishes will be directed, and it will be made to say what it has never imagined; if it hesitate, it will be answered as Crispin answers the legatee: *it is your lethargy*. The nation is a great flock that thinks only of feeding, and that shepherds with good dogs can lead at their will. And, beside, it is its own happiness that all wish to secure without its knowledge; for, indeed, my good friend, neither your old regulations, nor your religion, nor your morality, nor all your antiquated prejudices deserve any indulgence. They are all but a wretched disgrace to an age like ours; and to trace a new plan, it is quite right to clear the ground completely.

—"Clear the ground completely!" insisted I, "and the throne, and the altar?"—"And the throne, and the altar," answered he, "will fall together: they are two buttresses supported by each other; break one of them, and the other gives away."

I concealed the impression which this language made on me, and to draw him on still farther: "You announce to me," said I, "an enterprise in which I think I see more difficulties than means."

"Believe me," replied he, "the difficulties are foreseen, and the means are calculated." He then developed himself, and I learnt that the calculations of the faction were founded on the character of the king, which was so distant from violence that it was considered as pusillanimous; on the actual state of the clergy, which only consisted, he said, of a few virtues without talents, and a few talents disgraced and dishonoured by vices; finally, on the condition of the high nobility, which was said to be degenerated, and in which few great characters supported the lustre of a great name.

But it was above all in itself that the third estate ought to place its confidence. This order, long wearied with an arbitrary authority whose tyranny extended into its minutest ramifications, had over the other two not only the advantage of number, but that of union, and that of courage and audacity to brave every thing. "In short," said Chamfort, "this vast hoard of impatience and indignation, formed like a storm, and insurrection every where declared, and at the signal given by the province of Dauphiny, the whole kingdom ready to answer, by acclamation, that it demands to be free, the provinces leagued, their correspondence established, and from Paris, as from their centre, the republican spirit bearing to the distant cities its warmth and its light: such is the state of our cause. Are these vain and airy projects?"

I confessed that in speculation they were very imposing; but I added that beyond the bounds of temperate reform, the best part of the nation would suffer no wounds to be made in the laws of the country, and in the fundamental principles of the monarchy.

He agreed that in the welcome circle of their families, in their shops, in their offices, in their manufactories, great numbers of those peaceful domestic citizens would probably find all pro-

jects too bold which might disturb their repose and their enjoyments. "But if they should disapprove them," said he, "it will only be timidly and without noise, while to impose on and beguile them, there is that determined class which sees nothing that it can lose by change, and thinks it sees every thing to gain by it."

"To raise this mob, the most powerful spring of human action will not be neglected; scarcity, famine, money, reports of alarm and affright, the madness of fear and of rage afford pictures that will be diligently presented to the view. You have heard only elegant speakers among the citizens; but, be assured, that all our orators of the tribune are nothing in comparison with the Demostheneses at half-a-crown a head, who, in the brandy shops, in the public squares, in the gardens, and on the quays, announce devastation and fire, villages sacked and inundated with blood, and plots to besiege and to starve Paris. These are what I call eloquent men. Beside, money and the hope of plunder are all powerful among this people. We have just made a trial of it in the faubourg Saint-Antoine, and you would scarcely believe how little it has cost the Duke d'Orleans to get the manufactory of that honest Reveillon sacked and pillaged, which, among this same people, insured the maintenance of a hundred families. Mirabeau ludicrously maintains that with a thousand guineas one may make a very pretty sedition."

—"Thus," said I, "your trials are crimes, and your trained forces are villains."—"And that's very necessary," answered he coolly. "What would you do with all this people in muzzling it with your principles of honesty and justice? Virtuous men are feeble, personal, and timid; 'tis knaves only that are determined. The advantage of the people in revolutions is to have no morality. How will you defend yourself against men to whom all means are welcome? Mirabeau is right: there is not one of our old virtues that can serve us: the mob has no need of them, or it needs others of another stamp. All that is necessary to effect the revolution, all that is useful and appropriate to it: this is the grand principle."

—"It is perhaps that of the Duke d'Orleans," replied I; "but I see no other leader for this people in insurrection, and I confess, I have no very high opinion of his courage."—"You are right," said he, "and Mirabeau, who knows him well, says, that to reckon on him would be building on sand; but he has shown himself popular, he bears a name that imposes, he has thousands to scatter, he hates the king, he hates the queen still more, and, if he should want courage, there are those who will give it him; for even among the people there will be intrepid chiefs, above all from the moment when they shall have shewn themselves rebels, and shall think themselves criminal; for there is no retiring when we see behind us no retreat but the scaffold. Fear, without hope of safety, is the true courage of the people. Our forces will be immense if the number of our accomplices be so. But," added he, "I see that my hopes sadden you; you wish for no liberty that is earned by an abundance of blood and of treasure. Do you want to have revolutions made for you with rose water?"

Here our conversation ended, and we separated; he, without doubt, full of contempt for my minute scruples, and I very little satisfied with his hardy immorality. The wretch has punished himself for it by destroying his own life, as soon as he had recognised his errors.

I communicated this conversation to the Abbé Maury on the evening of the same day. "It is but too true," said he, "that they scarcely deceive themselves in their speculations, and that to find few obstacles the faction has well chosen its time. I have observed the two parties. My resolution is fixed to perish on the breach; but I still feel the sad conviction that they will take the place by assault, and that it will be abandoned to pillage."

VARIETY.

DARING ENTERPRISE.

During the war which Henry the Fourth of France maintained against the League, when he was King of Navarre, many small towns and even citadels were surprised by very extraordinary means. Amongst others, the following surprising achievement, for fidelity in the adherents, as well as for the vigour and boldness of the adventure, deserves particularly to be recorded:—

The manner in which *Fescamp* was surprised is so remarkable, that it deserves a particular recital. When the fort was taken from the League by the Duke de Biron, in the garrison that was turned out of it, was a gentleman called Bois Rose, a man of sense and courage, who, making an exact observation of the place he had left, and having concerted his scheme, contrived to get two soldiers, whom he had bound to his interest, to be received into the new garrison, which was put into Fescamp by the League. That side of the fort next the sea is a perpendicular rock, 600 feet high, the bottom of which, for about the height of twelve feet, is continually washed by the sea, except four or five days in the year, during the utmost recess of the sea, when, for the space of three or four hours, it leaves fifteen or twenty fathoms of dry sand at the foot of the rock. Bois Rose, who found it impossible, by any other way, to surprise a garrison who guarded with great care a place lately taken, did not doubt of accomplishing his design, if he could enter by that side which was thought inaccessible; this he endeavoured by the following contrivance to perform:—

He had agreed upon a signal with the two soldiers whom he had corrupted, and one of them waited continually for it on the top of the rock, where he posted himself during the whole time it was low water. Bois Rose, taking the opportunity of a very dark night, came with 50 resolute men, chosen from among the sailors, in two large boats to the foot of the rock. He had provided himself with a thick cable, equal in length to the height of the rock, and, tying knots at equal distances, ran short sticks through, to support them as they climbed. The soldier whom he had gained, having waited six months for the signal, no sooner perceived it, than he let down a cord from the top of the precipice, to which those below fastened the cable, by which means it was wound up to the top, and made fast to an opening in the battlement, with a strong crow run through an iron staple, made for that purpose. Bois Rose, giving the lead to one of the serjeants, whose courage he was well convinced of, ordered the 50 soldiers to mount the ladder in the same manner, one after another, with their weapons tied round their waists, himself bringing up the rear, to take away all hope of returning, which indeed soon became impossible, for, before they had ascended half-way, the sea, rising more than six feet, carried off their boats, and set their cable a floating.

The necessity of withdrawing from a difficult enterprise is not always a security against fear, when the danger appears almost inevitable. If the mind represents to itself these 50 men suspended between heaven and earth, in the midst of darkness, trusting their safety to a machine so insecure, that the least want of caution, the treachery of a mercenary soldier, or the slightest fear, might precipitate them into the abyss of the sea, or dash them against the rock, add to this, the noise of the waves, the height of the rock, their weariness and exhausted spirits, it will not appear surprising that the boldest amongst them trembled, as in effect he who was foremost did; this serjeant telling the next man he could mount no higher, and that his heart failed him. Bois Rose, to whom this discourse passed from mouth to mouth, and who perceived the truth of it by their advancing no farther, *crept over the bodies of those that were before him*, advising each to keep firm, and got up to the foremost, whose spirits he at first endeavoured to animate; but, finding that gentleness would not prevail, he obliged him to mount, by pricking him in the back with his poignard, and doubtless, if he had not obeyed him, would have precipitated him into the sea. At length, with incredible labour and fatigue, the whole troop got to the top of the rock, a little before the break of day, and were introduced by the two soldiers into the castle, which they completely surprised and gained possession of.

INSTANCES OF EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

Hortensius, sitting at Rome, in the Market-place, for a whole day together, recited, in order, all the things that were sold there; their price, and the names of the buyers.

Lucius Lucullus, a great captain and philosopher, was able to give a ready account of all affairs at home and abroad. Cicero commends Hortensius's memory for *words*; Lucullus's for *things*.

J. Lipsius offered in the presence of a German Prince thus:—Sit here with a poignard, and if, in repeating of *Tacitus* all over, I shall miss but one word, stab me, and I will freely open my breast to strike at.

Joseph Scaliger in two days committed all Homer to his memory.

Dr. Reynolds excelled in this way to the astonishment of all who were intimately acquanted with him, not only for St. Augustine's works, but also for classical authors.

Muretus tells us of a young man of Corsica, student in the Civil Law, at Padau, who

would repeat 36,000 Latin, Greek, or barbarous words, significant or insignificant, upon once hearing, without any hesitation, in what order soever a person pleased. Muretus says he made trial of him himself several times, and avers it to be true.

Ex. MSS. Ralph Thoresby, Esq.

Men of genius and learning are, for the most part, in a state of intense thought; while they who are engaged in less refined pursuits are frequently involved in mental insensibility; and since happiness is only in the mind, every little accident must disturb his repose who is always in meditation. The string which is constantly kept in a state of tension will vibrate on the slightest impulse.

Whether, or not, these are the true causes of the complaints and wretchedness of the learned, it is not very material to determine. Certain it is, that they who are furnished with the means of the greatest happiness are frequently the most miserable. By attending to great things, they neglect those which appear little, but on which our happiness is found by experience greatly to depend.

My admiration of the author of the Spectator induces me to subscribe implicitly to the following opinion of Dr. Beattie, who, of all the critics to whom Scotland has given birth, possessed the most correct and delicate taste.

"He, who understood better than any other writer, the nature and province of true humour is ADDISON. Let those therefore, who wish to be fully instructed in this matter study him, and learn the theory from his practice. In his mirth there is nothing profane or impertinent. He is perfectly serious when he ought to be so: and his smiles, like those of INNOCENCE, though irresistably captivating, are ever inoffensive. He is not, *some think*, a *profound philosopher*, for he is always clear and luminous, rational, manly, and interesting. But, if writing be good in proportion as it is useful, and its noblest use be to improve the heart, refine the taste, and sweeten the temper, ADDISON IS OF ALL UNINSPIRED AUTHORS, at LEAST, IN PROSE, THE BEST AND THE MOST DELIGHTFUL."

If the real evils of men of genius and learning be not greater than those of others, yet the sense of them is commonly more acute. The same delicacy of feeling, which renders them particularly susceptible of intellectual beauty, makes them feel far more acutely the common distresses of human life.

The pleasures of men of literature are those which arise from the contemplation of greatness, novelty and beauty: pleasures of the purest and most exalted nature. Perhaps no state is more truly happy than that of a man of genius, at the time he is closely engaged in surveying either of these three sources of imaginative enjoyment; but the very purity and excellence of these pleasures are ultimately the occasion of some degree of pain to their votaries. Our present condition will not permit merely mental gratifications to engross our whole care and attention; and, when the mind reverts from the ideal bliss to the occupations which its union with the body of necessity enjoins, the transition from supreme delight to insipidity becomes the occasion of peculiar misery.

Perfection is ever the object of genius: but, perfection is not to be found in human affairs. Genius is, therefore, disgusted with the impossibility of obtaining that which is constantly within its view. This it suffers in the recesses of study: but upon entrance into the transactions of busy life, the perfection to which it aspires is much more rarely visible. Objects, which to the common mind are pleasing or indifferent, appear to the mind of genius deformed and disgusting, because they fall short of that image of perfection, formed in the fancy, to which, as a standard, every thing is usually referred. Thus, acuteness of discernment serves to discover concealed blemishes, as the microscope sees a spot where the naked eye discovers nothing but beauty.

The following little pieces will, we are confident, please that class of our readers for whom this *desultory* department of the Port Folio is designed.

ICE AND FIRE,

By Sir Edward Sherburne.

NAKED Love did to thine eye,
Chloris, once, to warm him, fly:
But its subtle flame and light
Scorch'd his wings, and spoilt his sight.

Forced thence, he went to rest,
In the soft couch of thy breast,
But there he met a frost so great,
As his torch extinguish'd strait.

When poor Cupid thus, constrain'd
His cold bed to leave, complain'd
Alas! what lodging's here for me,
If all ice and fire she be.

Stanzas by Sir Charles Sedley.

GET you gone, you will undo me,
If you love me, don't pursue me!
Let that inclination perish
Which I dare no longer cherish.

With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crowd Love entered in;
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent and full of play.

At every hour, in every place,
I either saw, or form'd your face:
All that in plays was finely mixt,
Fancy for you and me did fix.

My dreams all night were full of you,
Such as till then I never knew,
I sported thus with young Desire,
Never intending to go higher.

But now his teeth and claws are grown,
Let me the fatal lion shun;
You found me harmless—leave me so!
For were I not, you'd leave me too.

To a Lady, with a present of a Watch.

With me, while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy;
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.
But, when the cares that interrupt our bliss,
To me not always will thy sight allow,
Then oft with kind impatience, look on this,
Then every minute count as I do now.

Lines by Thomas Nabbes.

What though with figures I should raise
Above all height, my mistress' praise,
Calling her cheek a blushing rose,
The fairest tree did e'er disclose.
Her forehead lilies; and her eyes
The luminaries of the skies;
That on her lips ambrosia grows,
And from her kisses nectar flows?—
Too great hyperboles!—unless
She loves me, she is none of these:
But if her heart and her desires
Do answer mine with equal fires,
These attributes are then too poor,
She is all these and ten times more.

EPIGRAMS.

By Dr. Farmer, on being in company with a number of Ladies, whose names began with a B.

How strange it is that Cupid should decree,
That all our favorites should begin with B.
How shall we solve this paradox of ours—
The Bee comes always to the sweetest flowers.

On Lord Nelson's Victory at the Nile.

France saw great Nelson chasing o'er the waves,
Her flying heroes and tyrannic slaves;
Sorely she rued their ill advised departure,
They meant to hunt the *Turk*—but, caught a *Tartar*.

Curio's rich side-board seldom sees the light,
Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright;
His knives and spoons, all rang'd in even rows,
No hands molest, or fingers discompose:
A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
Forever still, whose fliers never fly:
His plates unsully'd shining on the shelf,
For Curio *dresses* nothing but himself.

"You gain every day by your wits
A fortune, friend Edward," cried Tom;
"Pray teach me to make the same hits,
I'll give you a handsome round sum."
"I'll teach you for nothing," said Ned,
"Since the secret you wish to obtain,
'Tis only to change your *own head*
For one made and furnish'd like *mine*."

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